A BURIED CITY.

A Once Thriving Settlement Hidden in Smithfield Woods.

"Hanton City" Fallen into Dilapidation and Almost Oblivion.

The Ruins and the Race that Once Inhabited Them.

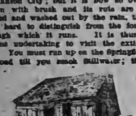
HERE are only four real cities down on the map of Rhode Island, and "Hanton City" is not one of them. It is not even charted with a municipal title by courtesy, as is Rice City, nor with its respectible little black dot upon the particolored cartographic surface to denote that at least something of its existence is known and marked of men. Hanton City was in its prime 50 years before Newport had a title to be called a city, and a hundred years before Providence came into municipal existence. [illegible]

... a little knoll, upon which stood what might be called a suburb of the city. The house is a modern edifice compared with the oldest residences of the city beyond. Its tottering structure had evidently been made use of recently by wood cutters or hunters, for an old stove was there, and some signs of straw bunks. But as a habitation it must have been badly exposed to the weather in any recent years.

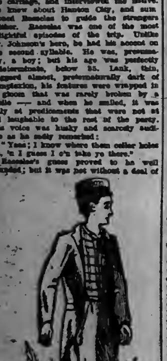
This was one of the last places to be abandoned, and be given wholly over to the ravages of time and the weather. It is the "Aaed Hanton place," and its situation is known as "Sam Shippee corner." This and many other houses of the old-time settlement were occupied by the family of Herrendens, one of the oldest, and once one of the most honored names in the northern part of the State. In years that are within the memory of only the very oldest of those now living, there was a little settlement of shoemakers here, who made shoes by hand, and carried them to Providence to sell. But into this branch of human industry, as well as others, came machinery, and labor-saving devices, and these Herrendens, the last of the name, and as a family completely run out, were driven out of their occupation and the settlement lapsed into decay.

There is another tradition, probably as well grounded, that many of the former inhabitants were workers of the stone quarry farther north, which was once an important source of revenue for this part of the State. Indeed, that fine granite was bedded there the great columns of the Arcade stand to-day as witnesses; for they were dug by the forgotten people from the long-neglected ledge near Hanton City. Still another tradition is this, and very likely as true as the rest, that the settlement [illegible]

HANTON CITY RUINS.



THE SUBURBS.



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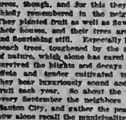


THE LAST TO BE ABANDONED.

THE LAST OF THE HANTONS.

CHEAP CLOTH FOR BALLOONS.

THE LONSDALE CO. MAKES IT FOR THE PROMINENT AERONAUTS.

... now supplies many of the leading aeronauts with this cloth. A large order was filled recently for Prof. Carl E. Myers of Mohawk, N. Y. the husband of Madame Carlotta, who made the ascension at the State Fair two weeks ago, and the latest order was filled last week for Thomas S. Baldwin, the daring parachute jumper, of Quincy, Ill.

This cloth comes from the looms of the Berkeley mill and is known as stocknit, and is of very fine quality. It came into the manufacture of balloons since the modern aeronauts began doing parachute leaps. The first parachute jump ever made successfully was by Andrew Jaques Garnerin in 1797 from the Park Monceau, at Paris. The balloon relieved so suddenly of such a great weight rose rapidly until it burst and was destroyed. The jump was successful, but the next jump was not, and Garnerin retired from the business. The next person to attempt the feat was Robert Cockin in 1837, and his career ended with his first leap. Since then the idea has been practically abandoned until 1887, when T. S. Baldwin revived it, and made a successful leap at San Francisco, Cal.

The balloons for the purpose were generally made, like the regulation air ship, of silk. But the chances of losing the balloon when a parachute leap was made were great, and the loss of capital thus threatened was considerable. Experiments were made and it was found that cheaper balloons would answer the purpose, and they were constructed of fine cloth, which was varnished to make it more impervious to the gas, and these balloons are ripped by the aeronaut before making the leap, or, if inflated with hot air, they overturn and descend to the ground immediately, and can be easily repaired and used again. The cloth made at Lonsdale has been found to answer the purpose better than any other material [illegible]

THE OLD DYER HOMESTEAD, CRANSTON.

ON UPLAND AND MARSH.

FALL SPORT ACTIVELY BEGUN AMONG THE DEVOTEES OF THE SHOTGUN.

Game is Plenty but Much Hunted and Shy.

THE chill in the air which the evenings and the early mornings bring these days calls many pleasant scenes before the eyes of the sportsman enthusiast. There is a tingle in the blood and a restlessness of spirit which has so often driven him afield in the past. The vision of fields of stubble, of high meadow and deep-cut ravines, of rickety Virginia rail fences and of stone walls, where the dry leaves rustle on one side and the new grass is springing up in a thin edge on the other, protected from the northerly winds. The grass in the meadows, close cropped by the cattle, is growing dead and dry to the touch. The stubble is hard to the feet, and in the late afternoons a damp, earthy odor comes up from it like a fog. The whole landscape is shaking off its summer tint of green, and taking on the yellow, dead twig and bare branch period of its existence. Already the receding sap has turned the sumac bush and the young maple into masses of glorious color. The sportsman cogitates these memories, and [illegible]

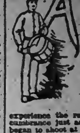
FALL RIVER BUDGET.

THE MILLS OF THE CITY FAIL TO DRAW.

Queer Constables who Need Weeding Out—Political Gossip.

What is the matter with Fall River anyway? The city is as full of mills as a church fair is of impoverished patrons; it has all the modern appliances for turning tons of raw cotton into miles of cloth; there are the latest devices in the way of the construction of the factories themselves, the last fall styles in ventilation and lighting, the newest discoveries concerning pay rolls, sliding scales, treatment of help, and all the other things which go with the biggest manufacturing centre in the state, and yet a huge delegation of South American visitors, supposed to be looking up the sights worth seeing in this country, went through the town yesterday as though shot out of a gun, bound for Lowell or Lawrence, where they are going to view a clump of cotton mills which have been in existence since the Pilgrims settled down. In some way the impression has got abroad that these same visitors are over here with a view to transacting a little business later on. It has been supposed by local manufacturers that possibly, if things suited, a new market for the production of certain commodities might be opened, and Fall River would have been very glad of the opportunity to show herself had it been granted. But it wasn't, and, as a consequence, the strangers missed the sight of their lives. It was no fault of theirs of course. They were in the hands of their friends and were steered along probably unconscious of the fact that they were being taken a good many miles to be shown an imitation of something they had left behind them. Still, it cannot be said that anybody here is losing any sleep over the fancied slight, though it might have been more satisfactory all round had the managers of the trip seen fit to have passed [illegible]

MILITARY NOTES.



[illegible]

CRICKET.

[illegible]

CITY HALL NOTES.

[illegible]

COUNTY COURT HOUSE NOTES.

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